

COMMENCEMENT OPENS NEXT SUNDAY

NASH AND PALEN NEW CEE-AY EDITORS

Saunders and Wehlage Are Elected
Assistants

Four men were elected by the present staff of the Cee-Ay at a general meeting last Monday, to take over the wheel and clutch of the old but still handsomely-functioning machine. The highest positions went to Bernard Nash and Edward Palen, whose duties as editors-in-chief will begin next Fall. The choice was proof of many an old adage concerning the best men, for the new bosses are certainly worthy of one of the most distinctive honors Columbia Academy can bestow. Nash, whose home is Rockford, Ill., has, in his three years at Columbia, been a versatile student, especially interested in writing, poetry, and music. His love of the beautiful appearing evanescently in sketches, lyrics, and editorials, came to its fruition in his poems which captured the majority of places in the contest last month. The election of Nash is perhaps due to his tremendous application to anything that interests him; and his efficient work in the circulation department is convincing evidence of the willingness and grit needed for the job of editor. His colleague Edward Palen of Dubuque, is coincidentally a poet and as sedulous a worker as Nash. The pair should do great things next year. But while Palen has a strong poetic strain he is likewise an excellent sports writer, which makes the combination still more valuable. He has been a faithful reporter, prompt and indefatigable, and when given the opportunity, a vigorous editorial writer. He well becomes his position.

The choice of assistant editors was just as fortunate. Gordon Saunders and Edward Wehlage, both of Dubuque, are men whose flair for writing is great and whose diligence has

(Continued on page 6)

FINAL KODAK CLUB MEETING

The Academy Kodak Club held its final meeting of this year Wednesday evening, May 29, in the College Auditorium.

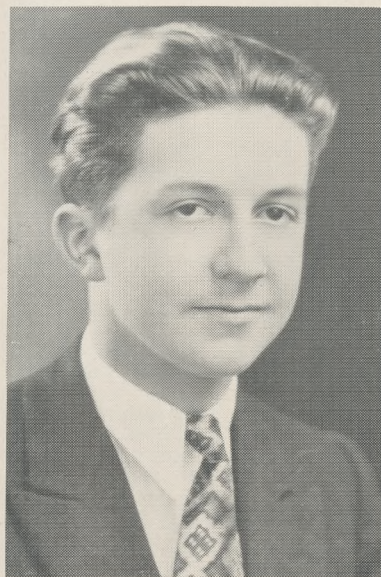
The meeting was opened with the singing of a group of songs by the entire club. This was followed by the usual order of exercises, including a report of the Club's progress which was given by Secretary Van den Dorpe.

The winners of the Album Contest were announced at that time. Melvin Doran won first prize and received a beautiful purple and gold

(Continued on page 6)



J. BERNARD NASH



EDWARD PALEN

SENIOR CLASS TO BE GIV- EN BANQUET TUESDAY

Tuesday evening at 6 o'clock, the Academy Seniors will be tendered a banquet which will be held in St. Francis Hall Refectory.

The banquet is an annual event and is always looked forward to by the prospective graduates with anxious hearts and yearning appetites.

Immediately after the dinner, a program will be held at which Mr. Alex Peryon will act as toastmaster and the following men will probably be speakers:

James Kearns, '29, will give "The Year's Activities"; Paul O'Neill, '29, "To the Undergraduates"; Edward Sheehan, '29, "Reminiscences"; George Martin, '29, "Talk to the Graduates"; Richard Vaughan, '29, "Class Prophecies"; Harry Kies, '30, "Farewell and Godspeed."

PRIZES FOR MUSEUM CONTEST WINNERS

Columbia students are not supporting the MUSEUM CONTEST as they were expected to. The number of contributions to date has not even approached the number at the same time last year.

This is the final call. Haven't you some oddities at home that will fill a place in the Museum? Or don't you know someone who has some of these articles? If you do, hand your name into Father Kessler, who will see that it is taken care of at once, and place the articles on display.

Three Gold Medals are offered as prizes; they are worth while. Don't forget any longer. Enter the contest and furthermore keep your eyes open during the summer for material to enter next year. Everyone, come on, ENTER before it's too late.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The school year is drawing to a close and it is fitting that at this time we take the opportunity to offer our sincere thanks to our good friends in Dubuque and elsewhere who have so willingly assisted the Academy in one way or another. Particularly we wish to thank the Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus for their financial assistance to students, parents of the day-scholars for their interest as shown in the Parent-Teachers meeting last October, professional and business men who at various times give talks to the student body, Mr. Schroeder for his kindness at programs from time to time, Mr. Dovi for the interest he has shown toward the band, and friends who donated books to the library and exhibits to the History Club Museum. Likewise we acknowledge the co-operation of the students who supplied cars for transportation to the out of town games.

To these and many more who helped during the past year to aid the interests of the Academy we are grateful and fully appreciate the sacrifices they have made in our behalf.

FIFTY-SIXTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT TO BE HELD JUNE 2 TO 5

The final week of school with its "exams," programs and activities has arrived, and the long-awaited day of graduation is near at hand.

The program for Columbia's Fifty-sixth Annual Commencement has been officially released and will include the following events.

On Sunday morning, June 2, at 9 o'clock, the annual Graduation Mass will be solemnly celebrated in the College Chapel. The Vested Choir will sing a four-voiced arrangement for the service.

Immediately following the Mass, the Baccalaureate Sermon will be delivered by the Rt. Rev. Edward F. Hoban, Bishop of Rockford, Ill. Bishop Hoban, formerly of Chicago, is very well known throughout the middle west and his sermon is anxiously anticipated by everyone.

In the afternoon of the same day, Solemn Benediction will be celebrated out-of-doors at 3 o'clock. The vocal selections for this occasion will also be offered by the Vested Choir and a musical innovation will be presented in the appearance of a brass quartet which will take part in the service.

On Tuesday evening, the annual Senior banquets will be given at St. Francis Hall.

Commencement Exercises will take place on Thursday morning, June 5, at 9 o'clock, in the College Gymnasium. Most Rev. James J. Keane, Archbishop of Dubuque, will confer the degrees, diplomas and honors upon the graduates from the College Department of Columbia.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Conry, president of the College, will then present the diplomas and honors to the Academy graduates.

Following these presentations the Baccalaureate Address will be given by Millington Farwell Carpenter, Ph.D., of the University of Iowa.

The singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" will formally close the Commencement program.

ACADEMY BAND CONCERT

Approximately three months ago, Mr. Sam Dovi and Fr. Kelly put their heads together, said: "Columbia Academy shall have a band." Monday evening last the newly formed Columbia Academy Band made its initial performance before the public. One must take his hat off to these two men—they have made a reality at the Academy. To weld over seventy musicians, most of whom have never touched an instrument before, into a harmonious unit is a goodly task in itself, but to perform a feat of this nature in four months! Yes, Mr. Dovi certainly deserves credit.

THE CEE-AY



Published biweekly by the Students of Columbia Academy, Dubuque, Ia.

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

Richard Kolck '29 Paul O'Neill '29

ASSISTANT EDITORS

John Evans '29 H. W. Willging '29

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

| | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
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| Michael Tornai '29 | Edward Wehlage '30 | Edward Schroeder '30 |
| Bernash Nash '30 | Paul Newhouse '29 | Gordon Saunders '30 |
| John Weidenfeller '31 | Joseph Palen '29 | Milton Weimer '31 |
| John Fabish '30 | Herbert Willging '29 | George Toner '30 |

EDITORIAL

L'ENVOI!

Today or tomorrow or next Wednesday we lay down our pencils and textbooks, heave a huge sigh of relief, and say we're through. We may mean we have completed one more chapter of our school paper, or we may realize that education is no more for us, but the reaction is the same. On such an occasion we are as it were standing on an eminence, able to look backward and into the future. We see one or two minor hills—climaxes of the past—and an innumerable succession of summits ahead, each however parted by ravines. We still say we're through with that portion of our life. We detach ourselves from old things, friends, and places, and renew the course which leads eventually to the next eminence. We begin to lag; the grade is steep; the friends we left on yonder hill are scattered too far to help us, and we cannot discern the old familiar landscapes. Now we realize that we were not through back there—that there is no sharp change, no severance of former relations, and we long to return. So, when school's last session is over, we may say farewell, but let us not exclaim, "Conclusion!"—why, all life's but a post-graduate course! J. D. E. '29

OUR TEACHERS

In an early issue of the Cee-Ay, an editorial voiced the happy sentiment, "Thank heaven for our men teachers!" or words to that effect. Yes, we are fortunate in having men for teachers. But we really don't know just how fortunate we are that these men are also priests! Here's a hearty toast to our teachers—there isn't a more sympathetic, likeable, persevering group anywhere. No other school can display professors with more of an interest in their pupils, just for the sake of the pupils, such constant endeavor expended without a thought of personal considerations, such sincere and lasting interest in the welfare of their charges.

After we leave the Academy and come into contact with life in all its phases, it shall please us to look back to our days at Columbia and reflect that they were happy days, indeed, and then we shall reflect, too, that the cause of those happy days, to a great extent, were the priests. Yes, gentlemen, I repeat, a toast to our faculty!

TO THE NEW STAFF

This, the last issue of the Cee-Ay, marks the final effort of the Senior members of the staff of '29, and "to you, with failing hands we throw the torch." We wish to congratulate you and hope that your future year of literary endeavor will be one of enviable achievement. The Cee-Ay of this year has had a fairly good standing but we know that in many respects, it fell short of perfection. You are in a position to judge our mistakes and to profit by them. Take advantage of the opportunity and make the Cee-Ay of next year a school paper that will be second to none.

Strive ever to work in unison and don't loaf on the job. It is much better to have a dozen men on the staff who really want to work than to have two or three dozen drones. In a school such as this there is never a scarcity of news, and there will be more next year than ever before. Each man on the staff has his preferences and no matter what type of writing he may prefer, opportunity will be given him for expression.

Congratulations again fellows—make the Cee-Ay a perfect school paper. P. O'N. '29

RANDOM READING

How To Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day, by Arnold Bennett. The author of this lucid essay complains that he has been accused of frivolity and lack of purpose, which impression comes from a misapprehension of the title, but the truth of the matter is that he is right; we admit it, but grudgingly, for the best of us do not like to be rapped. Mr. Bennett's basis for argument is the fact that the average worker who "works" eight hours a day is content to call those eight hours his "day," and by wasting the other two-thirds of the twenty-four hours he allows the uninteresting one-third of his life to dominate the rest. The essay, which is really a book of some twelve chapters, proceeds with the steps by which to utilize those precious, wasted hours, and with the program some wholesome cautions for the over-ambitious or the too-humble. Nor does Mr. Bennett underestimate human nature. The idea of regarding the twenty-four hours as a legacy which never fails to come and which we can neither throw away or increase, is thrilling; and every reader of the piece of common sense must resolve within himself never more to iterate, "Well, I'll do that some day when I have more time." We did and we have said that since, but that touches not the worth of the proposition.

* * * *

What has been called the first successful American opera in England was adapted by Deems Taylor from Edna St. Vincent Millay's play, *The King's Henchman*, which we read of a warm evening in a mood so like that in Act II, that the effect of romance—and this piece is one of the highest Dumas-Sabatini type—was unequalled. We advise all those interested to read the play under similar circumstances; with the admonition not to jump up and look wildly about for cuirasses, portcullises, and chargers—they won't be there, but what difference? The story is Arthurian throughout: the gallant comrade of the king sent to fetch a wife for his liege, the love and marriage of the fair lady and the unfortunate henchman, the arrival of the king, and the splendid climax, all points stressed in the versions of Mallory, Tennyson, and Masefield. Nevertheless the vigor and crudeness of the early centuries is still there despite the repetitions of the tale. The main characters are few, but they ARE characters, emotion and alive. The lines, in irregular verse, have great musical beauty, and blend into the colorfulness of the exotic whole.

Aristophanes, by Louis E. Lord, is a carefully written critical study of the greatest comic dramatist of Periclean Greece. It is always interesting to search the beginnings of things, and for the first comedy of his stage we must go to Aristophanes. In the light of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's clear-cut distinction between nonsense and satire, Aristophanes' works were strictly satire. And even the satire of present-day cartoons yields no such influence as did the quill of this clever Athenian. Professor Lord cites the words of Socrates, who attributed his falling into disfavor to the jibes of his contemporary, which were unmerciful

YOUTH AND FIRE

R. J. Vaughan '29

As I sit at my window of an early spring evening and gaze over the surrounding landscape, many fond recollections are brought to my memory. Perhaps you have heard the phrase, "When I was a boy." It seems ages to me since I played soldier, pirate, policeman, or Indian with my chums. On the other hand but a few years have passed since we romped over hills into ditches and through prickly brush, not minding the many cuts and bruises contracted in these wild escapades.

It seems fire of any kind had a great attraction for me—yes, it still exists but in a different phase. As a lad all my ambitions and passions were aroused at the sight of a fire and oft' times I would sit and gaze into the burning embers, trying to fathom why and from whence fire came. The small spurts of flame occasionally given off by the glowing coals took on all the realities of life—most of which I had only dreamed about. The grotesque figures of folk lore appeared and as suddenly disappeared, leaving me that feeling which comes with disappointment.

But the years have rolled by despite my fruitless efforts to stay their flight and I now find myself approaching senility. Oh for those glorious care-free days of youth which never more will be mine. Just to taste their blissful joys once again and I should be ready for the call of the Almighty.

Even now when the chill winter winds howl dismally through trees and down chimneys, my hearth fire is my only solace. I need but gaze into the leaping and crackling flames to understand the fickleness of life. No, I am not a cynical old crab, I have had my fling and now the jealousy of youth dominates my feelings. Now why should an old man be jealous of youth? Many have asked themselves that same question and found it extremely difficult to give an answer. I dare not make an attempt lest you should mistake the motive behind it all—therefore I shall be non-committal like the rest. Perhaps when you have blossomed into manhood and thence into old age you will see the difficulties I face.

Now as I sit in my den I try to discern from a study of my grate fire several important answers. I am as far from the correct solution as when I was a boy but my visions and dreams have changed with the times, leaving me a drab old man unable to solve the puzzles of life.

and often ribald. The greater part of the book is devoted to an estimation of the Aristophanes of the Father of Comedy upon the writers of the various nations. A scholarly work written in as simple a manner as Huxley.

* * * *

And so, you say, at last he is silent, silent because this is the last Cee-Ay. We only pray our haphazard habits have not infected your pleasure with the deadly drugs of literary wanderlust. Congé!

John D. Evans '29

MUSIC

Herbert M. Willging

"Sweet music, sacred tongue of God"

Thou fragrant breath of heaven, impelling the strong to deeds of valor; soothing the mother's weary heart after her day of toil; offering tranquillity and peaceful calm to the unhappy soul in place of compunction; and stimulating the poet's barren spirit to soaring heights of inspiration! How refreshing art thy lulling undulations to a brain sick of the bustle and hurry of the world, how pleasant to the student, exhausted with the tiresome monotony of books and studies, is thy melodious harmony! Indeed, Addison could not have expressed it's powers more appropriately when he said,

"Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of heaven we have below."

No nation, nor period of history or legend, has lacked expression in this most expensive of all the arts. In the golden days when man laid sacrifice on the altars of the gods, the poet was wont to hold his audience in a spell of enchantment with his tale of Orpheus and his descent into Hades; of how, with his magic lyre, he compelled iron tears to trickle down grim Pluto's cheeks, and caused the trees and mountains to bow down! O mighty Timotheus, what bewitching powers must you have possessed, to control the conquerer of the world, the god-like Alexander, by the irresistible appeal of your lyric notes! And, too, how celestial must have been the playing of St. Cecilia—

"He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down!"

Man, it is true, has ever been overpowered by this "concord of sweet sounds." Music supplies a vent for the expression of his pent-up emotions. The shepherd, with his "oaten stop and pastoral song," in simple, though effective, fashion wooed the village maiden. In sunny, romantic Spain, the gay young don captivates his pretty mistress with the exquisite thrumming of his guitar, as he serenaded her beneath the balcony window of her castle.

How dull is that occasion where the festive playing of the band or orchestra is absent!

No heart, unless made of stone, can help but be affected by song. What is it that causes us instinctively to keep time with spirited music? It can be attributed to nothing except that the gladness of the song finds a ready response in the joy of our hearts, which, although overshadowed and hidden, perhaps, by some temporary sorrow, must involuntarily flow forth in physical action. The best antidote for grief is music—stirring, lively melody. No barrier of sadness cannot be mitigated by it; there is no grief which it cannot allay, no misery which it is unable to assuage. It is surely the most noble mender of broken hearts which God, in His mercy, has given to human beings.

Pity the man who has no music in his soul, for he is the most woeful, forsaken, object in all creation! He lives in a world of misery and hardness, looking askance at every man, seeing joy in nothing!

"The man who bath no music in

LORAS HALL

Like the shoulders of a mighty Hercules, you lay upon the hill. Your head; those who have gone forth. Your crown; the things they have achieved.

We look with a yearning at you. Once within your walls we feel we would be safe. You seem so strong. You will be another rung in our ladder to success. Set high upon the hill you command the campus like a kind monarch casting over all a spell of learning.

Forth from your halls, this June, will emerge many. Into these same halls will go many. They will go in with the backing of a high school education and will come out finished products. They will have striven for a scholastic goal and will have passed another mile stone.

Out from your protection into the world, to school, to home, to office, field, abroad. To missions, to give sacrifice to God. Oh! Loras Hall, your offering to the world is great. You like to see them go, we like it too. But we, like you, feel a wee bit sad.

J. B. N., '30.

himself,
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, strategems, and spoils."

On the other hand, the farmer boy, eulogized in poetry as unknown to dejection, is pictured as walking along with a merry whistle, asking no companion but the cheerfulness within his simple heart, enjoying life to the utmost and communicating in his own artless manner with nature by drowning every possibly arising care in an abundance of joyful melody!

Literature is proclaimed to bear true evidence of the prevailing spirit of a country or period of time. Music, also, is an admitted criterion of a nation's dominant mood. Shakespeare has given us an enduring picture, in Hamlet, of the Dane, ponderous, meditative, pensive. The Northern European music, too, is gloomy and sluggish, causing the listener to wander in museful reverie and contemplation. Spain, on the other hand, is synonymous with romanticism. It's music is predominantly gay and exuberantly vivacious, its sparkling turbulence making the blood tingle. I have always loved this music—it is so sturdy an enemy of any form of depression.

In one way, music is superior to literature; the latter expresses only a passive reality; the reader visualizes the actual condition of affairs, but merely as a looker-on, a remote observer. Music, however, surrounds the audience with a new environment, making the listener actually feel as though he were a part of the action. For instance, the orchestra is playing a piece representative of African music. The beat of the tom-tom, the slow, decisive rhythm make him feel as though the savage tribe were about to give a fierce whoop at any moment and start on the war-path. He sees the bright fire, and the painted barbarians dancing frantically about. He feels the movement.

While dwelling on this phase of music, it is appropriate, to some extent, to discuss the various aspects

RETROSPECT

As we finished correcting the proof we leaned back and exhaled deep and feeling sighs, for the last Cee-Ay under this management was "put to bed." We recalled the first frenzied issues when news seemed rarer than radium and we doubted if the paper would ever appear, much less on time. But as we tabulated the Friday's, we discovered that only once had we been late (the Freshman issue) and this due more to the printer than the inexperienced staff. Continuing this self-judgment we remembered bad spelling, some mangy jokes, occasional bad leads, senseless editorials (only a very few, be it said) and all the little things that will occur despite careful scrutiny.

On the other scale were compact writeups, no large and pompous heads, no advertisements or senseless items inserted to make space, and no matter not directly concerned with the students. The editorials were to the point and short. No rash or heated editorial statements ever appeared, even when we felt justified (the booing of the basketball team by certain college luminaries). We do not sum these things up in a spirit of conceit nor as an apology, but merely as a synopsis of what has been done and what we have not done. We believe that we did the best that inexperienced youth could do and that we served our readers to the best of our abilities. So now we conclude our final issue with some regrets, but with the feeling of a task well done.

of "jazz." In my opinion, the greatest defect of this modern creation is its superficiality, its meaninglessness. It has not the power to create a definite mood, giving merely a feeling of restlessness and dissatisfaction. I have heard people say again and again that every piece of "jazz" music is essentially similar. They have discovered its greatest deficiency. Its popularity is due, probably, to the fact that it supplies that spirit of physical agitation and aversion to quietude which is a predominant trait of the modern generation. So much for that—

The most sublime form of music has, as yet, been left unmentioned. I refer to the hymn. By means of it man is capable of expressing the true feeling of his soul, of soaring to the profoundest heights of sentiment. Human creatures, by their very nature, must always long for and seek the infinite—God. Through the hymn, the expression of this never-ending search for perfection, is accomplished.

Music has been given to man in order that he may manifest his emotions, and plumb the deepest feelings of his heart. Through it he is capable of softening his passions, and building up his sense of the good, the beautiful, and the true. The most impressive of all languages, has been the ever will be, the language of sweet sound.

It won't be long now before I will be back on the old farm, where there is corn to be cultivated, hay to be made, grain to be harvested, and what not. If you want a good workout, try it for a while—you will find out how little you eat now.—A. Leick.

ASHES (A FANTASY)

Joe Palen

I don't know how long I was sitting there dreaming, when suddenly I awoke, as if from a trance, to the realization that I had been staring through my window into space. I looked down. My gaze fell first upon the alley. Hitherto it had always struck a note of repugnance in my soul; now for some inexplicable reason it was different. It was, if I may use the word, beautiful, not with the beauty of nature or art, (an artist would have scorned the scene; it was too commonplace, too drab), but with the beauty of life.

My eyes wandered to the ash-pile. Yesterday I had looked upon it as a heap of repulsive matter waiting for the inevitable, grimy ashman to carry it off. Today the ugliness of the ashes was gone. Today the ashes spoke to me as the ruins of an ancient city speaks to the modern age. They told me a story more wonderful than the story of ancient Rome, more beautiful than the masterpieces of Homer, more interesting than the tales of King Arthur and his knights. They told me how, millions of years ago they had been beautiful trees, plant, masterpieces of nature, to which God could point with just pride and say, "These are My work." They told me how, when their beauty had withered and they were no longer able to do honor to their Maker through their magnificence, He, in His all-seeing wisdom, decreed that they must die to serve future generations of mankind.

They died, only to be transformed through the ages into "black diamonds," to be burned and turned into ashes. As the ruins of ancient Rome inspires one to awe and respect at their awful beauty, so the ash pile now affected me.

I was dreaming on, when a shock, as if a bolt from the heavens, shook my whole being.

"Joe, supper's ready."

My head snapped back, I rubbed my eyes; again I was in the prosaic world of reality. Outside was the filthy alley with its dirty pile of ashes.

Though I have often tried to board again the good ship Reverie, and be carried a second time to that beautiful land of Fantasy, it has always eluded me, and never since have I beheld the ash-pile in the roseate hues of my poetic pipe-dream.

FROM THE ACADEMY

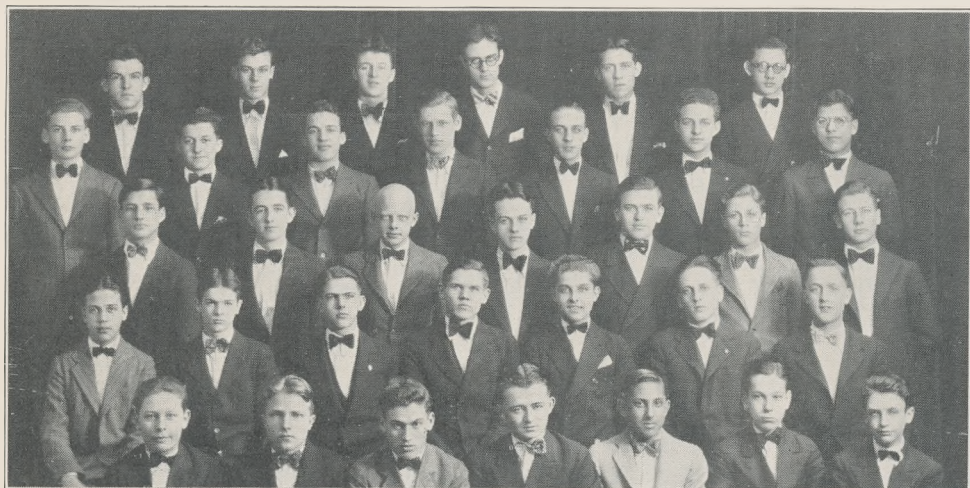
From the window I watch the grand old river swing his muddy crest downward—downward. The distant hills lie blue and remote in the early dawn. The awakening city already sends its smoky offering upward to the god Industry.

Silhouetted against the flaming sky stands Sinsinawa. The fleecy silvery clouds form a precious diadem, for its sacred head. How well it would please the pioneer missionary, Father Samuel Machuchelli, to stand upon Sinsinawa's wooded slopes and gaze westward and see in the distance Dubuque, Catholic in its home life and its school life, Christian in its industry and celestial in its beauty.

Indeed he would be pleased for his labor was not in vain.

J. B. N. '30.

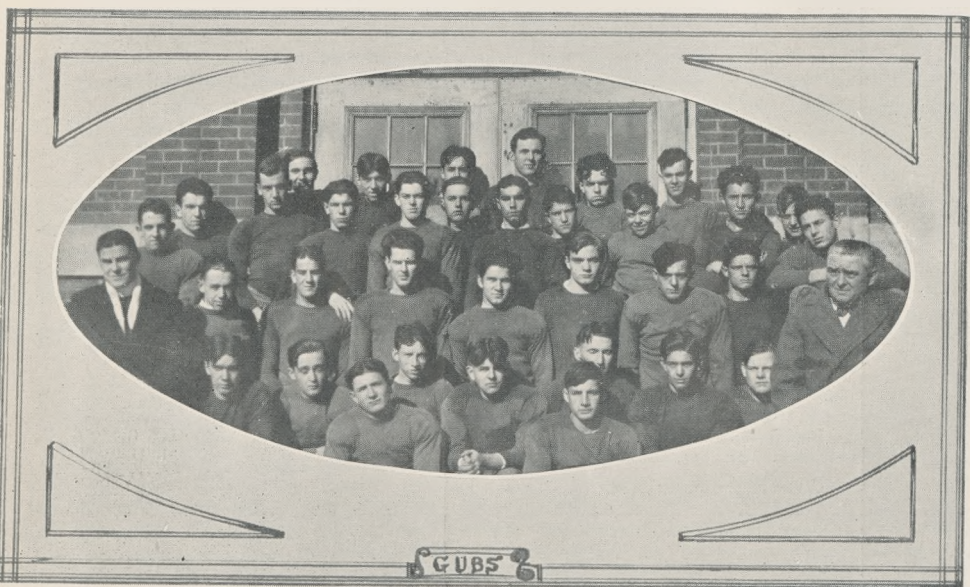
"THE CEE-AY"



GLEE CLUB



CEE-AY ENTERTAINERS



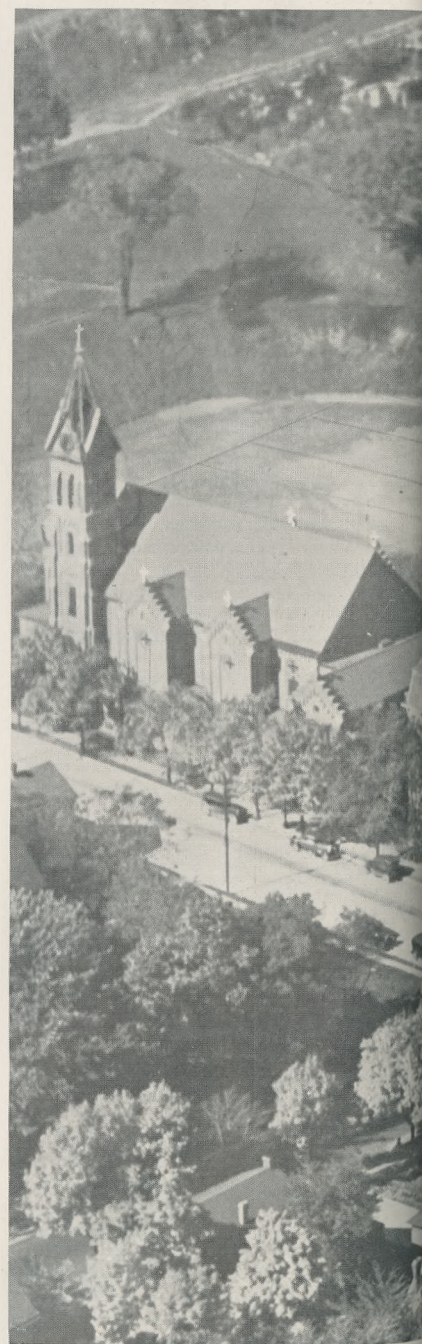
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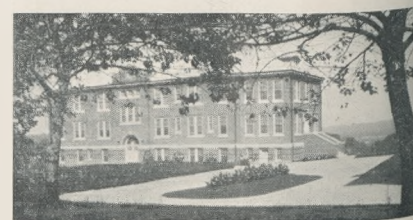
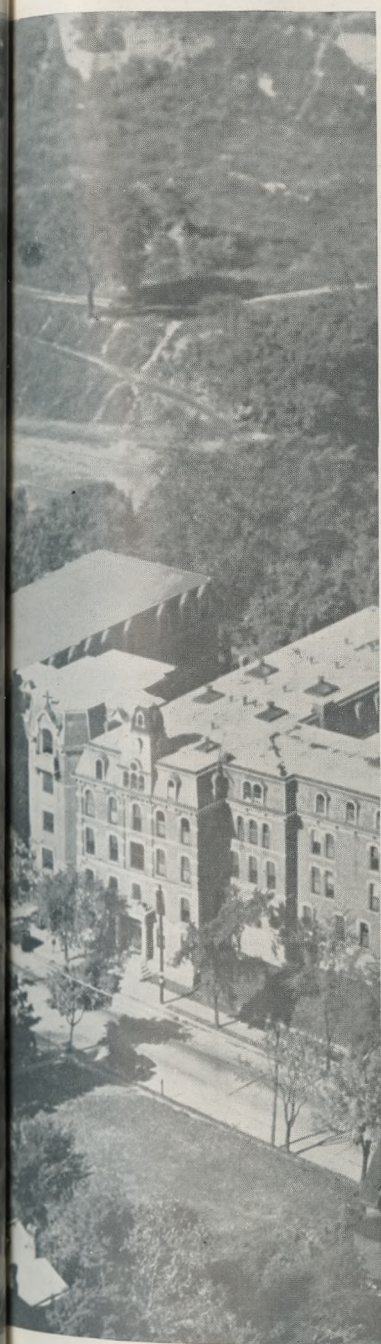
INTRAMURAL GYM



DINING HALL



PARTIAL
COLUMBIA



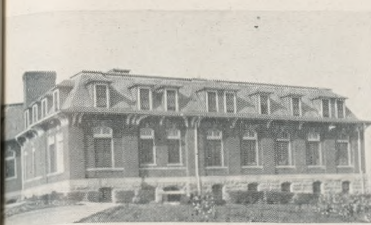
INFIRMARY



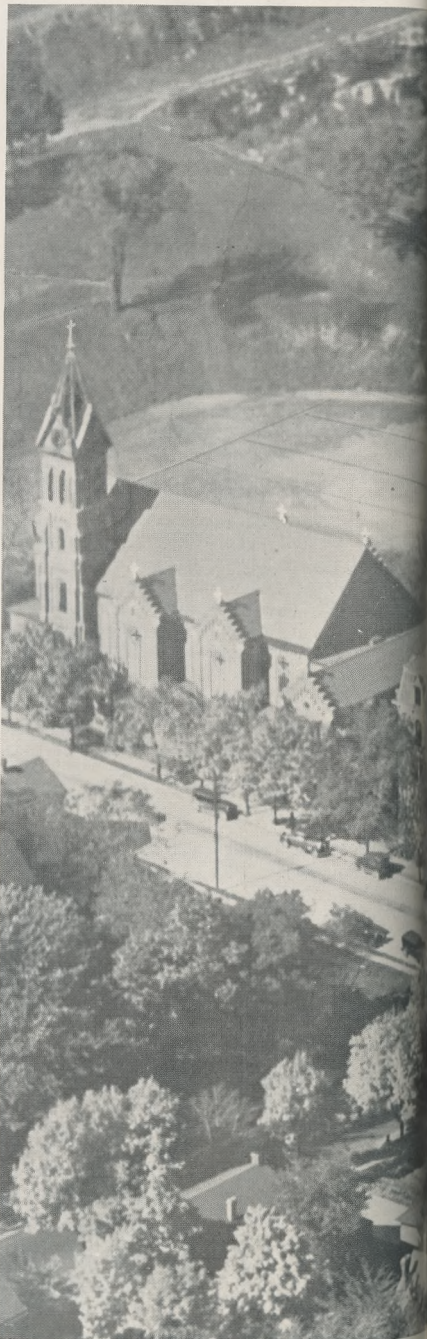
CHAPEL



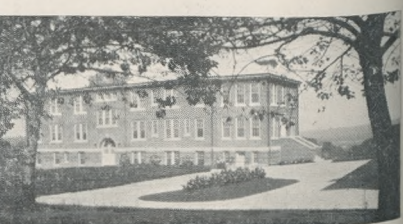
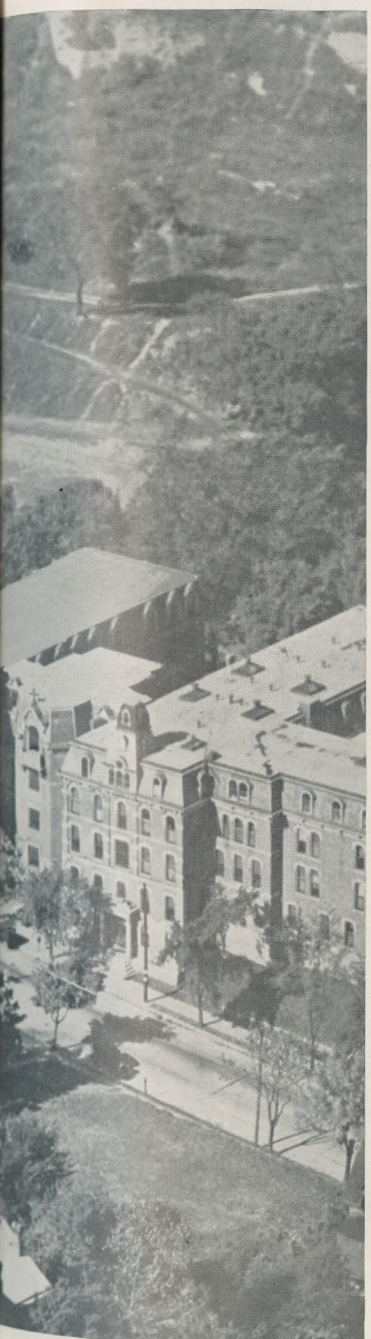
INTRAMURAL GYM



DINING HALL



PARTIAL
COLUMBIA



INFIRMARY



CHAPEL



COLUMBIA ACADEMY BAND



TRACK TEAM



CEE-AY STAFF

DRESS PARADE

Moran—Melv: Likes nothing better than a good game of cops and robbers but will play kitty corner when nothing better offers. Cheerful, hard-boiled and exuberant.

Newhouse—J. Paul: Our eminent economist, man about town, and makes hay while the moon shines. Underneath a blase exterior is a heavy and serious personage who takes things solemnly.

O'Connor—Don: Big, nice looking, works hard, friendly. Knows his oats and other things.

O'Neill—Paul: Very popular, quiet, but not all the time (he plays a sax). Noted elocutionist, editor of Cee-Ay, and worthy Senior Vice-President.

Palen—Joe: Big trick and play man and well known under the name of Major Seagrave. Tells jokes and makes up puns (those puns, tssk, tssk!) and he is also a big boy scout (he leads troop six, b'gosh). Of whom there is none Joe Palenisher.

Peryon—Ike: Don Juan's successor. Possesses sang froid to a high degree. Is the Senior speaker and the other senator from Alabama. It is reported that he once was seen with a blond, but it probably is only a rumor.

Quinlan—Ly: Lanky, chews gum and basketball player par excellence. When asked if he were a student here he said that he wasn't,—he just went here.

Seitz—Ray: Quiet, a nice fellow to know, but a bit shy. He was going to enter the Hop Scotch derby but it was discovered that he was a professional,—he played marbles for keeps.

Sheehan—Eddie: Oh girls! Basketball captain, actor, and trackman. Inclined to grandstand but he wouldn't be Sheehan if he didn't. A fine fellow.

Soukup—Harry: Football and the stage are Harry's occupations. Husky, hard, and a leading Physics student.

NASH AND PALEN NEW CEE-AY EDITORS

(Continued from page 1)

gained them high places on the honor roll. In intramural sports, Saunders is both participant and reporter, defying in this dual role the theory that the player does not see the game as the spectator does. This able writer, exceedingly well-versed in the argot of his profession, makes athletic engagements live again with his snappy reports, and will doubtless specialize next year as senior sports editor. Wehlage is verily a man of letters; although a dilettante, he is a thorough one and writes interestingly on subjects as variegated as his interests. He won an honorable mention in the short-story contest this year and is active in the History Club. His precision and conscientious exactness recommended him to the fellow staff members who elected him assistant editor.

THE PURGOLD

After two erroneous statements, one by the Lorian and one by the Cee-Ay, the Purgold is out at last, and what a success it is! It can well be said that it is a shining example of what an annual should be.

Due to a limited number of words we will be forced to limit our write-up to the Academy section and even that cannot be treated as extensively as might be wished for on account of a lack of space. To do it justice, the entire Cee-Ay would have to be given over to it. But we will do our best to tell you about it in the space allotted to us. Probably the most note-worthy fact is the almost perfect balance which is kept throughout the book. Every page is balanced with its neighbor and if any of you have ever tried to balance a paper or a book you know that this means work and plenty of it.

Next comes the wonderful clearness that marks every picture in our section. The clearness with which the faces stand out is a goal which has been striven for through years, and it is attained at last. Much credit is reflected on the Academy Kodak Club for the wonderful pictures of every imaginable type which it supplied to grace the pages of the Purgold. The groupings, too, are worthy of mention, due to the fact that, as often is the case, they lack that tiresome sameness that typifies most year books. Each one has something about it that separates it from the rest and together they go towards a very pleasing whole.

The art work is done to a king's taste. The cartoon by Dick Kolek is especially praiseworthy. It contains the picture of every senior, each in a different pose. The write-ups in the Academy section are splendid and show a depth of thought and originality.

The St. Joe division is printed in small type which is not only an improvement over the large type in neatness, but also allows more room for pictures and incidentals. Many new and novel ideas are introduced this year, especially the Senior Puzzle Page. It challenges the best of you.

But our space, as we said (or wrote) before, is limited, and so we must sign off and leave the rest for you to discover.

Gilbert Hansberry is to be congratulated on his salesmanship as every one of his prospects signed up.

It would be well also to congratulate all who worked on the yearbook and helped to make it the best that Columbia has ever seen. The staff worked hard, but then, they are repaid a hundredfold, and the Purgold is a monument to their success.

"Skinny" Jaeger who is the 1929 class water-carrier or some other important office like that in his last will and testament named a promising young freshman by the name of Zwack to carry on his unfinished work. He is now working on a telescope that will enable students to see around the corners in the corridors and avoid collisions.

GUBS TRACKSTERS WIN BIG MEET

The Second Annual Mississippi Valley Meet was held at Loras Field on Decoration Day and was a rousing success.

A nice crowd of spectators, and a fine representation of athletes, hailing from their six respective schools, tended to make this the Academy's greatest success of the year.

The meet was also a success in regards to the times made in the dashes and runs, and the distances attained in the field events.

Columbia under the able direction of Capt. George Barkley, who alone scored 30¼ points, ran up a total of 101 points. The home team placed in every event.

The team of St. Ambrose which took second in the meet placed in a good number of the events, but could not come close to the Gubs in points. Their total number of points was 23. Visitation of Kewaunee, Ill., was third with 10 points. The other teams which placed were St. John's of Independence and St. Joseph's of Elkader.

George Barkley made a wonderful showing in all the events in which he participated, especially the 100-yard dash, which distance he covered in ten seconds flat. In the high jump he attained a distance of six feet. This is a new Academy record and is a great achievement for any academy athlete.

Kerper ran a fast mile, defeating Elkader's miler, Myers. It was close, but Ange was easily the victor. The time was 5 minutes and 3.6 seconds.

Father Patnode, the Academy's athletic director, deserves considerable praise for the success of this meet, for it was only through his hard work that this event took place. It was not as easy a job to go through all the trouble of sending out invitations and preparing the school for such a big meet as some think it is. It is the work of a man and we wish to congratulate Father Patnode for the way in which he handled the meet.

Summary

100 yd. dash—Barkley (C), 1st; Collins (C), 2nd; Naseef (Vis), 3rd; J. O'Connor (Am), 4th. Time: 10 flat.

220 yd. dash—Barkley (C) and R. Ziepprecht (C), 1st; Murphy (Vis), 3rd; Taggard (Ind), 4th. Time: 24.5.

120 high hurdles—Wolters (A), 1st; Costello (C), 2nd; Kies (C), 3rd; McKeever (C), 4th. Time: 20.4.

440 yd. dash—Collins (C), 1st; Taggard (Ind), 2nd; Trow (C), 3rd; Clancy (C), 4th. Time: 56 seconds.

220 low hurdles—Barkley (C), 1st; Wolters (A), 2nd; McKeever (C), 3rd; Naseef (Vis), 4th. Time: 27.4.

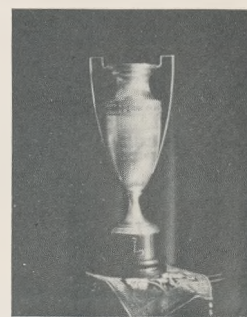
Half mile—Kress (C), 1st; Meyer (Elk), 2nd; Melchior (C), 3rd; Curran (Ind), 4th. Time: 2.14.

Mile—Kerper (C), 1st; Meyer (Elk), 2nd; Melchior (C), 3rd; McAleece (C), 4th. Time: 5:03.6.

Shot put—Barkley (C), 1st; W. Ziepprecht (C), 2nd; Murphy (Vis), 3rd; Taggard (Ind), 4th. Distance: 39 ft. 7 in.

Discus—W. Ziepprecht (C), 1st; Marr (C), 2nd; R. Ziepprecht (C), 3rd; Austin (Am), 4th. Distance: 103 ft. 2 in.

High jump—Barkley (C), 1st; Schroeder and Coens (C), tied 2nd; McKenna (C), 4th. Height: 6 feet.



FINAL KODAK CLUB MEETING

(Continued from page 1)

felt pillow cover on which "Columbia" was inscribed. Bernard Nash received a copy of the 1929 Purgold as second prize, while John Leo merited third prize, for which he received a group picture of the members of the Kodak Club. Gorman, Most and Supple were tied for fourth prize. All specimens entered in the contest are worthy of the highest praise. They showed extreme care and taste and the entrants are to be congratulated on the fine work.

The president, Clarence Crowley, gave a talk on the importance of close co-operation in the club.

The election of officers for the winning year then took place. The following gentlemen will hold offices in the club next year: Thomas Dea, president; Jack Neilsen, vice-president; John Lyons, secretary and treasurer, and William Most, assistant secretary and treasurer.

Clarence Crowley and Gabriel Vandendorpe, president and secretary and treasurer, respectively, are resigning their offices because of graduation.

The election was followed by short speeches by the new officers.

Father Russel, principal of the Academy, and Father Loosbrock, dean of the Academy, both gave interesting talks which featured the value of pictures in after-life and the satisfaction the faculty finds in the club.

"Last but not least" the club's annual banquet was served, much to the joy of all present. It is always looked forward to as one of the crowning events of the year.

The club wishes to thank its faculty advisor, Father Striegel, for the interest and work he has put into the club which it appreciates greatly. It is he who deserves the credit for placing the club where it is today.

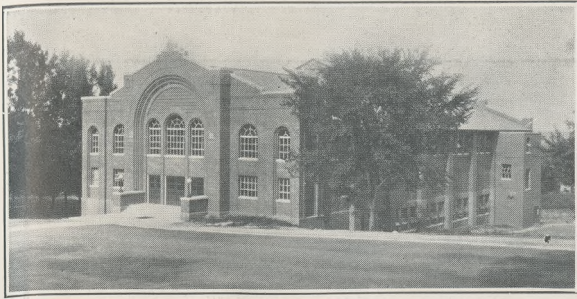
Pole vault—D. O'Connor (Am), 1st; Coens (C), 2nd; Burlingame (Elk), 3rd; Moran and Costello (C), 4th. Height: 11 ft. 6 in.

Broad jump—Barkley (C), 1st; J. O'Connor (Am), 2nd; Murphy (Vis), 3rd; Coens (C), 4th. Distance: 21 ft. 5 in.

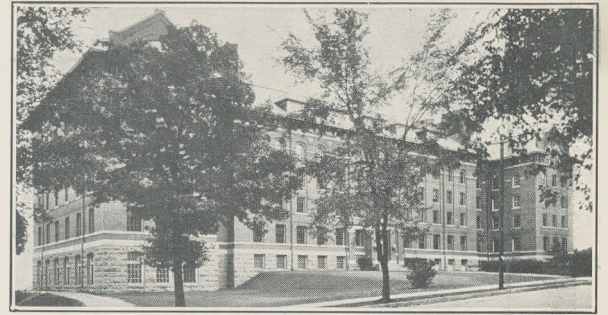
Javelin—Austin (Am), 1st; E. Ziepprecht (C), 2nd; R. Barkley (C), 3rd; Taggard (Ind), 4th. Distance: 138 ft. 6 in.

Half mile relay—Won by Columbia, Independence second. Time: 1:40.3.

Clarence Crowley, '29, will represent the Academy Seniors in congratulating the graduates of Loras Hall.



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P. S. It won't hurt the Gubs either.